A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

English and Latin

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
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Note to Frontispiece

. . . . . "a certain large scale carbon print he [A. G. DEW-SMITH] took of Stevenson to my mind comes nearer to the original in richness of character and expression than any other portrait."—

SIR SIDNEY COLVIN: *Memories and Notes.*

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A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES

By

R. L. STEVENSON

Robert Louis

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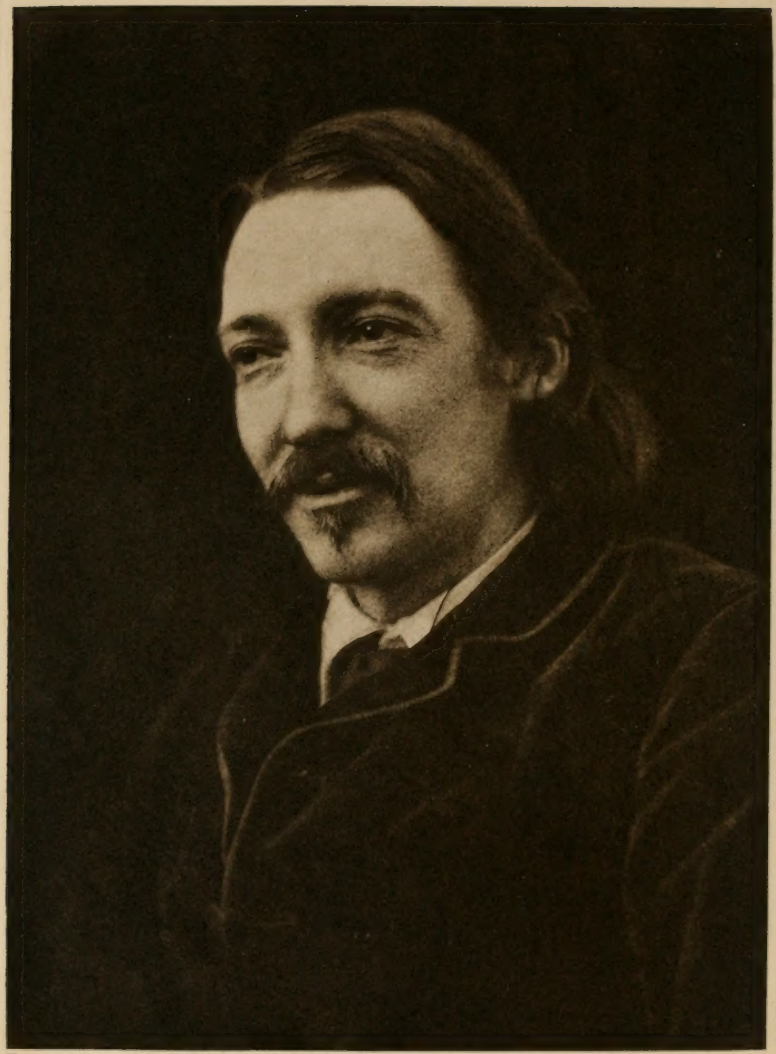

From a photograph by Mr. A. G. Dew-Smith. Emery Walker ph. sc.

Robert Louis Stevenson

CARMINA NON PRIUS AUDITA

DE LUDIS ET HORTIS

VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE

Canto

T. R. GLOVER

399691
27.1.42

QUEM NUPER ANGLIS EDIDIT HEFFERUS, QUEM TRANSMARINI NOSCERE GESTIUNT, PRODIT MANHATTANI LIBELLUS NOMINE POMIFERO DECORUS

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

M. R. G.

SCRIPSIT HAEC STILUS PATERNUS
IMPERANTE FILIA,
IMPERARE NAM PUELLAS
OBSEQUI PATRES DECET

To Alison Cunningham

FROM HER BOY

FOR the long nights you lay awake
And watched for my unworthy sake.
For your most comfortable hand
That led me through the uneven land:
For all the story-books you read:
For all the pains you comforted:
For all you pitied, all you bore,
In sad and happy days of yore:—
My second Mother, my first Wife,
The angel of my infant life—
From the sick child, now well and old,
Take, nurse, the little book you hold!

And grant it, Heaven, that all who read
May find as dear a nurse at need,
And every child who lists my rhyme,
In the bright, fireside, nursery clime,
May hear it in as kind a voice
As made my childish days rejoice!

R. L.

Ad Nutricem Suam

TU noctes vigilas; tu quoque commoda
Tollis qua loca sunt aspera me manu
Indignum; historias tu recitas mihi;
Tu mulces puerum quem cruciat dolor;

Aegroti miseret; comiter adsides,
Materque altera tu primaque conjugum.
Haec olim memini, te socia bonum,
Te custode malum si dederat dies.

Post annos validus jam tibi plurimos,
Nutrix, carmina vir parvula defero.
Et quisquis legat haec scripta benignior,
Nutricem tribuant di similem meae.

Et quisquis vacet his versibus ad focum
Infans laetus adhuc et puer innocens,
Illi quae recitat vox sit amabilis,
Sit dulcis puero, sit similis tuae.

Introduction

I

In the eighteenth century there came a Scot to London. It is only the dullest of races that ever held, as it yet holds, the fancy that Scotland is not a land of humourists. But nothing, after all, as George Eliot saw, divides mankind so much as a different sense or taste in humour.[1] The Scot who came to London was of course a humourist, but he had not quite the geniality that we associate to-day with his surname.

He conceived the idea of an experiment to see how far Milton's admirers would go in defence of their poet's originality, and he induced Dr. Johnson himself to favour with a preface his *Essay on Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns in his Paradise Lost* (1750). But if the English undervalue Scottish wit, the Scot sometimes undervalues the English clergy. Lauder's *Essay* was read by Mr. John Douglas, a clergyman in Shropshire—his name surely coming from another county. Mr. Douglas recognized in the Latin originals of Milton's great borrowed passages—along with settings taken from the Moderns of a pre-Miltonic date—lines from another source. Here in an extract from Staphorstius were eight lines not to be found in that poet's text at all, but taken from the work of Gulielmus Hogaeus. Masenius also had acquired a posthumous habit of quoting Gulielmus Hogaeus, precisely

[1] Cf. R. L. S., *Virginibus Puerisque*. Essay i., pp. 17, 18.

where Milton proposed to plagiarize from the Masenian Muse.

Now I am lucky enough to own a copy of Gulielmus Hogaeus, published in 1690; and its title-page describes it fairly accurately: *Paraphrasis* | *Poetica* | *in tria* | *Johannis Miltoni,* | *Viri Clarissimi,* | *Poemata,* | *viz.* | *Paradisum Amissum* | *Paradisum Recuperatum* | *et* | *Samsonem Agonisten.* | *Autore* | *Gulielmo Hogaeo.* No wonder there were likenesses between Milton and Staphorstius at this rate.

I have to own that I do not often read Hogaeus, though this may be the wrong moment for such a confession. Sometimes a translation (*Ut vineta egomet caedam mea*) does not so effectually transcend the original as the popular conceptions of Progress and Evolution might warrant us in expecting. However, it is for the reader to judge. Let him turn to the last lines of Milton's book xii. and compare Hogaeus' book x.; for William Hog, a prudent Scot, used the old edition. (I wish that he, or those who re-Scoticize him, had practised less economy on the letter G.)

Tum paucas fundunt lachrymas siccantque vicissim:
Cernunt ante oculos vasti regna omnia mundi;
Queis, ubicunque libet, sedem sibi figere fas est.
Provida cura Dei dubios in tramite gressus
Dirigit. Hi manibus junctis interque plicatis
Per loca sola simul, per Edenis, amabile regnum
Traduxere vagas, comitanti nemine, plantas.

Milton did it in five lines. "Line for line" was a rule of my youth, and I was brought up on another rule also:

From *Nemo* let me never see
Neminis or *Nemine*——

and, whatever the reader make of the volume now in his hands, that second rule I have kept from my youth up. If he find *Nemine* here, I am suffering as Staphorstius did. But *vicissim* was perhaps a happy addition, even if "natural" is lost from the tears; and one might conjecture Milton could conceivably have used it, or even did, and then remembered Mary Powell and deleted it. She deserved the deletion.

Gulielmus Hogaeus was not the only translator of the poem into Latin; another Gulielmus, this time a Dobson and an Oxford man, rendered it just about the date of Lauder (1750-1753); and a Michael Bold in 1736 did the First Book; and, I believe, others translated Milton.

George Buchanan and Arthur Johnston did the Psalms into Latin—both Scots and scholars; and so did Eobanus Hessus, a German, and a friend of Luther and Erasmus. Melanchthon commended Eobanus; his work would serve *ad pietatem et ad formanda judicia studiosae juventutis, deinde etiam ad incitandas generosas naturas ad studium poetices;* and what higher praise could a translator ask? Erasmus, till Eobanus decided to follow Luther, called him a Christian Ovid. The Italian Marcantonio Flaminio also rendered David, adding nothing, he hoped, that David would disapprove, but only such ornaments as he might compare with the flowers a girl will put in her hair—

Quale decus addunt arte purpureae rosae
Violaeque flavis crinibus circumdatae.

Buchanan's Psalms were for two or three centuries a school-book in Scotland; and, according to Mr. Hill Burton, who is credited with some knowledge of the country, "their use as text-books gave a vitality to the teaching of Latin in Scotland it could not easily achieve elsewhere." Here is a stanza—from a not unfamiliar psalm:

> Tu mensas epulis accumulas, merum
> Tu plenis pateris sufficis, et caput
> Unguento exhilaras: conficit aemulos,
> Dum spectant, dolor anxius.

Imagine this at school on Friday, and on the Sabbath morning:

> My table Thou has furnished
> In presence of my foes;
> My head Thou dost with oil anoint;
> And my cup overflows;

and on the Sabbath evening, at family prayers, the Genevan or the Authorized Version; and you will admit that Latin was fairly related with life. And which would the boy like best? If it is art you talk about, I think I give my vote for Buchanan, but my heart has Rous written in it, and votes for the only version it can quote.

And did not Juvencus in the fourth century make a harmony of the Gospels in Latin verse, with a mind to lend them something of what he calls *Minciadae dulcedo Maronis?*

And did not Charles Merivale, Fellow of my own

College, Dean of Ely, and historian of Rome, do a book of Keats into Latin?

And did not Charles Lamb, who sighed over Vincent Bourne's preference ("Bless him! Latin wasn't good enough for him!"), himself write Latin letters to honest Bernard Barton and to Cary, translator of Dante, with renderings of English verse—*Hic adsum saltans Joannula. Cum nemo, adsit mihi semper resto sola?* And if you want the date, the postcript gives it—*Perdita in toto est Billa Reformatura.*

But, alas!

> The bigots of an iron time
> Have called our harmless art a crime!

I refer, of course, to Mr. Arthur Benson, who has in one at least of his books banned Verse-making—to the Board of Education, that *lignum sapientiae,* fatal to all that meddle with it, whose mortal taste has brought Natural Science into our schools with loss of Greek till you reach fifteen (which, in the opinion of all, save men of genius who started it earlier, is too late) and with loss of Verses for ever—and to that Cambridge Senate, who, in what is left to us of the Classical Tripos, offer the option of Philology and other stones for bread, χάλκεα χρυσείων. Yes, we are all to be improved; but meanwhile I echo the old thanksgiving, as near as I can remember it—

> I bless the Goodness and the Grace
> That on my boyhood smiled,
> Caused me to walk in ancient ways,
> A mid-Victorian child.

II

"But," it will be urged, "you are no Juvencus, nor a Buchanan." I admit it, with regret. "And Gulielmus Hogaeus proposed to himself a greater task." He did, indeed; but, as I have indicated, I live, alas! in other days, when graphs (whatever they are) replace Euclid; I live, as Cicero said, *in faece Romuli,* and I can only attempt what is *temporis ejus auribus accommodatum.* Do not ask me to be more of an anachronism than I am.

"But why in the wide world drag Stevenson into such an atmosphere? Why give him such an ancient and gradus-like smell?" Here let me again digress a little —it is a habit I love in Herodotus, and my intimates say it has become native with me; I learnt it from him. Sir Graham Balfour's *Life of Robert Louis Stevenson* is a favourite with me, and on page 184 I read this. I will try to copy it out correctly, just prefacing that the episode happened at Davos apparently in the winter 1880-81.

> "A young Church of England parson, who knew him but slightly, was roused one morning about six o'clock by a message that Stevenson wanted to see him immediately. Knowing how ill his friend was, he threw on his clothes and rushed to Stevenson's room, only to see a haggard face gazing from the bed-clothes, and to hear an agonized voice say, 'For God's sake, ——, have you got a Horace?' "

Men have wanted worse things under such conditions, and I like the story—and it makes me like Stevenson the better—

Mihi est propositum in legendo mori,
Flaccus sit appositus morientis ori;
Ut dicant cum venerint angelorum chori;
Deus sit propitius vatis amatori.

To return to the Biography—for my digressions are always relevant, an art learnt also from Herodotus—I find on page 98, in a footnote, a *Catalogus Librorum Carissimorum,* made by R. L. S. about 1871; and the second item on the list is "Horace, his *Odes.*" His kinsman says that he never quite mastered Latin Grammar and to the end made the most elementary mistakes. (Did not Sir Walter Scott, in a rare if almost Ovidian hour, write *Ad januam Domini?*) But Virgil was, for Stevenson, perhaps "more to him than any other poet, ancient or modern." Who but recalls Herrick in *The Ebb-Tide* with "a tattered Virgil in his pocket," and *Queis ante ora patrum* pencilled on the whitewash, and that verse, which had been Stevenson's favourite line of Virgil from boyhood—

Jam medio apparet fluctu nemorosa Zacynthos?[1]

As with his Scots, "if he had heard a good word, he 'used it without shame,' so it was with his Latin. Technicalities of law and the vocabulary of Ducange were admitted to equal rights with authors of the Golden

[1] So says Sir Sidney Colvin in his *Memories and Notes,* p. 138, prefixing that it was "for some unaccountable reason," and adding that "he goes out of his way to make occasion" for Attwater to quote half of it and Herrick to complete it. Perhaps it would be fanciful to call it a kind of unconscious *sors Vergiliana* for his own life, a prophecy of Samoa.

Age." He wrote Alcaics in English, and I cannot believe that Tennyson and not Horace was his model—

Brave lads in olden musical centuries.[1]

A volume, published a few years ago by Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, contained translations which Stevenson had made from Martial—"a very pretty poet"[2] whom he carried about with him now and then. And where did he borrow the title of his *Virginibus Puerisque?*

Now I want to propound a thesis of my own. I find a considerable affinity between R. L. S. and Q. Horatius Flaccus, though the latter had as little of the romantic as any poet known to me, and, so far as I have heard, wrote no novels. But when the quotation is made from Burns,

Smith opens out his cauld harangues,

which of our two poets does it touch more nearly—Horace *Musarum sacerdos* and a professed discourser "on practice and on morals," as Satires and Epistles, yes! and Odes declare, or Smith's great-grandson R. L. S. himself? And which of them is more genuinely interested in himself or more delightful in autobiography? If Horace was never a child quite so markedly as Stevenson always was, do you not find the same quality of gaiety in both, the same charm of well-ordered irrelevance—"at least as well as they are able"?

[1] Letters, Vol. II., April, 1881; just a little after the Horace episode.
[2] Letters, Vol. II., 9 March, 1884.

Anyhow, when I find so much characteristic in common of both, when I learn how dear Horace was to Stevenson, when I like them both so much myself—*sit pro ratione voluntas!* Other people, on the same impulse of affection, have illustrated the book and set the poems to music. And, besides, someone, who has a lifelong claim on me, asked for a few renderings of *The Garden* for her pupils, who were getting a little tired of "Quintilian Made Easy," I gathered. (Perhaps it was Cicero *de Natura Deorum* re-told in words of the first declension and the first conjugation.) Variety was sought; an experiment was to be tried. Damsels in distress! and the Classics in peril! The versions were produced—some of them seemed to come of themselves, as Wordsworth says things will; and they appeared to give pleasure. What was more, I rather enjoyed them myself. There was something of an adventure about it, something of a challenge, for Stevenson can be so very Stevensonian. In the end the whole book was done; and here it is. If other schoolmistresses or masters like to try the experiment, here is the material; and if the children prefer "Quintilian Made Easy," let them have him by all means; he is a great author. Perhaps some older people here and there, who have an old acquaintance with R. L. S. and with Horace, may be glad to see them meet.

But, seriously, I hope that in some schools some boys and girls may be tempted by these renderings to think that Latin is not quite so dead a language as they are sometimes told; that they may realize that the expression of gaiety and pure nonsense was neither outside the range of the Latin mind, nor outside its impulses. And,

perhaps, who knows? they may try their own hands at Latin verse, and find in it the fascination that I did, long ago, in Bristol Grammar School, where John George Sowerby Muschamp, once of Peterhouse, inspired me with the passion he knew himself and vivified all my work with the enthusiasm of that Latin Verse Composition, with which the reformers would do away. *Errare malo cum Muschampio et Buchanano, cum Carolo Agno,*[1] *etiam cum Gulielmo Hogaeo, cum Decano Eliensi, cum saltante Joannula. Sit anima mea cum Sanctis!*

III

A few words about Stevenson's *Garden* and this *Latin Garden,* as it came to be called in the process of transplantation.

First, *salva reverentia,* when you live so long and so intimately with an author, you learn which are his best places, and which poems are not crew but passengers in his volume. Some bits—I won't give them away—in this collection of Stevenson's haunt the cabin and do not sail the ship. Some are just a little loose-hung; when you have to wrestle with "sand" three times in one version, you notice it—one little syllable in English, three in Latin. And some ideas, I rather think, were worked quite often enough; the idea of the child becoming small—tiny as the insects—is one. Here I may add another trouble—a translator's trouble; nobody else would feel it. Stevenson's fairies were the little people —perhaps even smaller than the little people of Scot-

[1] His own rendering of his name

land. The only such persons known to Latin literature, that I could remember, were the Nymphs, ladies who would not float on ivy leaves, but could meet the shepherds and the fauns on one level. Oenone was more than four inches high. This was a difficulty, and the only way out was just to decide autocratically that for the purposes of these translations the Nymphs should be precisely the size that R. L. S. preferred:

> Pictoribus atque poetis
> Quidlibet audendi semper fuit aequa potestas.

The liberty taken with the height of the Nymphs has had to be taken elsewhere. Tea is an experience of childhood that recurs in the poems. Once I let the child go without his tea—or at least, I tacitly assumed that his mother would see that he got it; I felt I could trust her. Elsewhere I made up for it by putting in some cakes, which I am sure were there. To render the tea, I was glad to avail myself of a bright touch of a German scholar. Hermann Koechly, in his preface to the most dreadful of Greek epics, reminds his friend of the days when he worked at it in Leipzig, till the failure of the Revolution of 1848 and his own hurried but necessary flight put an end to the happy afternoons in the café over *Calda Arabica*. It is my own happiest memory of Nonnus. Horace himself suggested another rendering with his *Massicus humor*. The Roman child would seem to have been given less wedding-cake than the Scottish. Once I introduced knickerbockers which were not definitely mentioned in the original. This was in anger. Jessie Wilcox Smith's are the most charming

illustrations; but she made the obvious boy—it must be a boy throughout—into a dear little girl doing on a petticoat. *Facit indignatio versum.*

Then again there was the swing. Greek children knew it, and it crept into Greek literature. But while Virgil shows us the Roman boy busy with his top, nobody is explicit about his having a swing. The Child in the Garden has a whole poem about it, and elsewhere refers to it again, with gates he swung upon and mountains he climbed in the hayloft. Nor did the Roman child travel by train. Happily Stevenson confined himself to looking out of the window, though I suppose *machinae vaporales* might have served at a pinch. If lead soldiers were part of the population of a Roman nursery, I believe they have proved nimble enough to outmarch the Archaeologists.

Dogs and cats come only once each in the *Garden*, though Thomas Stevenson loved dogs and dogs loved him, and though "Woggs" fills the poet's letters for some years. There are no pets in the book—not a rabbit nor a canary. Even at the farm there is little or no allusion to pigs, which I confess used to attract me, or to horses or poultry; not a bubbly-jock; only cows. The contrast with Marjorie Fleming is very great. To compensate, and without any consideration for those who would hereafter do him into Latin verse, Stevenson went consorting with ladybirds—or wanted to—with bumble-bees and other thoughtful little creatures not often found in the company of Latin poets. And, when it came to Gardener's garters and Bachelor's buttons, the translator had to abandon the cheerful directness of Greek and Scottish bards for that allusiveness

which the Roman affected with such a marked change of note.

However, my task is done, and everybody may soon have my renderings in their hands—I sincerely hope everybody will. I have not the courage to say with John Wesley: "I desire they would not attempt to mend them; for really they are not able. None of them is able to mend either the sense or the verse." No, I cannot quite say that. I will put it this way. Any of my readers, who will guarantee my publisher a new edition, shall have his emendations adopted wherever they are improvements. And if they find a fraction of the pleasure in reading or mending my verses that I had in rendering Stevenson's, I shall be glad. So, as John Bunyan said of his book—it is well to be strongly fortified with precedents in such ventures: "He that liketh it let him receive it; and he that does not, let him produce a better. Farewell."

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Nec Verbum Verbo Curabis Reddere

De Ludis et Hortis

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A CHILD'S
GARDEN OF VERSES

I

Bed in Summer

IN winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

I

Solem Quis Dicere Falsum Audeat?

BRUMA riget; flavum lumen candela ministrat;
Braccas induimus; surgimus ante diem.
Aestas cum revenit patior contraria jussa;
Immo etiam plena luce cubile peto.
Jussa valent; peditumque sonum via mittit ad aures;
Arboris in summa fronde moventur aves.
Ludus et arridet; lux est aptissima ludo;
Nonne nefas pleno talia jussa die?

II

A Thought

IT is very nice to think
The world is full of meat and drink,
With little children saying grace
In every Christian kind of place.

II

O Fortunatos Nimium!

QUIS sine laetitia reputet loca nulla carere
Potu, nec quot sint ulla carere cibo;
Sed manibus pueros orare ubicunque supinis—
Gens nisi qua nescit barbara forte deos.

III

At the Seaside

WHEN I was down beside the sea
A wooden spade they gave to me
To dig the sandy shore.
My holes were empty like a cup,
In every hole the sea came up,
Till it could come no more.

III

Fossor Unus

AD mare me vexere olim, palamque dederunt;
Lignea erat; per litora fossas
Effeci, ut calices vacuas; modo vertitur aestus
Et totas refluum mare complet.

IV

Young Night Thought

ALL night long and every night,
When my mamma puts out the light,
I see the people marching by,
As plain as day, before my eye.

Armies and emperors and kings,
All carrying different kinds of things,
And marching in so grand a way,
You never saw the like by day.

So fine a show was never seen,
At the great circus on the green;
For every kind of beast and man
Is marching in that caravan.

At first they move a little slow,
But still the faster on they go,
And still beside them close I keep
Until we reach the town of Sleep.

IV

In imagine pertransit homo

CUM nox tenebris occupat aethera,
Cum me cubantem luminibus mea
Jam mater exstinctis relinquit,
Agmina conspicio virorum,

Reges tremendos, lucidius die,
Ducesque fortes non sine copiis,
Pompam diurna augustiorem,
Ponderibus variis onustos.

Quis apparatu splendidior fuit
Circus? Ferarum jam series venit:
Quot terra produxit, quot ipse
Phoebe vides, genera aggregantur.

Primo moventur lentius; at gradu
Sensim citato corripiunt viam;
Nec defatigor, dum silenti
Pompa quiescat in Urbe Somni

V

Whole Duty of Children

A CHILD should always say what's true
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table;
At least as far as he is able.

V

De Officiis

CUM pater alloquitur, tunc respondere decebit;
Semper item debet dicere vera puer;
Laudatur qui scit parvus conviva decorem,
Qui sedet urbane—si modo tanta potest!

VI

Rain

THE rain is raining all around,
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea.

VI

Britannia Felix

JAM campi pluviis madent;
Imber frugiferas saevit in arbores;
Hic umbracula desuper,
Ventoso in pelago naviculas petit.

VII

Pirate Story

THREE of us afloat in the meadow by the swing,
Three of us aboard in the basket on the lea.
Winds are in the air, they are blowing in the spring,
And waves are on the meadow like the waves there are at sea.

Where shall we adventure, to-day that we're afloat,
Wary of the weather and steering by a star?
Shall it be to Africa, a-steering of the boat,
To Providence, or Babylon, or off to Malabar?

Hi! but here's a squadron a-rowing on the sea—
Cattle on the meadow a-charging with a roar!
Quick, and we 'll escape them, they're as mad as they can be,
The wicket is the harbour and the garden is the shore.

VII

Pirata Communis Hostis Omnium

FLUCTUS ut in ponto, tranantibus aethera ventis
Vere novo, in pratis herba agitata tremit;
Tres sumus in cophino; tres carbasa pandimus auris;
Viminea it remis concita cymba tribus.
Quem portum petimus, ventorum provida pubes,
Stellae qua monstrant flectere docta ratem?
Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon aut Babylona;
Sunt quibus Aegyptus Taprobaneque placent.
Hei mihi! per fluctus nos jam petit hostica classis;
In pratis viden' ut plurima vacca ruit?
Concurrunt armenta; furit mugitibus aether;
Hortus erit litus; portaque portus erit.

VIII

Foreign Lands

UP into the cherry tree
Who should climb but little me.
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,
And many pleasant places more
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
The dusty roads go up and down
With people tramping in to town.

If I could find a higher tree
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships,

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairy land,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.

VIII

Semper Aves Quod Abest

IN cerasum enitor manibus puerilibus altam,
Et terra ante oculos mox peregrina patet;
Vicini intueor splendentem floribus hortum,
Et loca jam primum dulcia multa lego.
Caeruleum hic caelo speculum dat rivus; et urbem
Illic turba via pulverulenta petit.
Altius eniti si possem, plura viderem,
Flumine ubi in pontum plurima cymba natat,
Qua patriam nymphae repetunt, pupaeque loquunttur,
Et pueris Phoebo cena cadente datur.

IX

Windy Nights

WHENEVER the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out.
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

IX

Audis quo strepitu

STELLAE recedunt, lunaque conditur
Strepitque ventus; sed sonipes ruit;
Quae cura nocturnum per imbres
Post equitem sedet ut feratur?

Jam silva ramos jactat; et in mari
Navis laborat; nocte sed in vias
Evectus ille auditur, inde
Quadrupedante sono revectus.

X

Travel

I SHOULD like to rise and go
Where the golden apples grow;—
Where below another sky
Parrot islands anchored lie,
And, watched by cockatoos and goats,
Lonely Crusoes building boats;—
Where in sunshine reaching out
Eastern cities, miles about,
Are with mosque and minaret
Among sandy gardens set,
And the rich goods from near and far
Hang for sale in the bazaar;—
Where the Great Wall round China goes,
And on one side the desert blows,
And with bell and voice and drum,
Cities on the other hum;—
Where are forests, hot as fire,
Wide as England, tall as a spire,
Full of apes and cocoa-nuts
And the negro hunters' huts;—
Where the knotty crocodile
Lies and blinks in the Nile,
And the red flamingo flies
Hunting fish before his eyes;—

X

Litoris Assyrii Viator

OSI remotas Hesperidum insulas
Fortuna vellet visere me, nitet
Qua ramus et pomis et auro,
Psittacus et comitante capra
Spectat phaselon dum sibi naufragus
Dolat. Nec urbes laetus omitterem,
Quascumque arenosis in hortis
Turribus egregias decoris
Celsisque templis Sol oriens videt;
Mercator illuc litore ab ultimo
Portare telas belluatas
Gaudet Achaemeniosque nardos.
Visamque murum quo fera dividunt
Deserta tutis Seres ab oppidis,
Aerisque tinnitus cientur,
Fervet opus resonatque vicus.
Interminatas mox siluas petam
Aestu calentes, simia qua casas
Despectat Afrorum, feritque
Palma polum nucibusque abundat,
Piscesque captat Niliacos avis,
Cui praestat alis nulla rubentibus,
Nodosus in ripa quiescit
Interea crocodilus atra.

Travel

Where in jungles, near and far,
Man-devouring tigers are,
Lying close and giving ear
Lest the hunt be drawing near,
Or a comer-by be seen
Swinging in a palanquin;—
Where among the desert sands
Some deserted city stands,
All its children, sweep and prince,
Grown to manhood ages since,
Not a foot in street or house,
Not a stir of child or mouse,
And when kindly falls the night,
In all the town no spark of light,
There I 'll come when I 'm a man
With a camel caravan;
Light a fire in the gloom
Of some dusty dining room;
See the pictures on the walls,
Heroes, fights and festivals;
And in a corner find the toys
Of the old Egyptian boys.

Litoris Assyrii Viator

Junceta visam quae repetit tigris,
Notas latebras, ne prior occupet
  Caterva venatrix, tribulis
    Ulta necem misere vorati,
Neu quis viator, quem vehit ardua
Lectica, vitet. Visam ego quae jacet
  Urbs inter ardentes arenas
    Orba suis; periere reges;
Jamdudum inanis stat domus ac via,
Nec mus nec infans conspicitur puer;
  Nox alma descendit, nec illic
    Taeda micat neque lampas ardet.
Virile robur cum dederit dies,
Ibo camelis non sine plurimis,
  Et luce flammarum corusca,
    Pulvereas vagus inter aulas,
Pompas virorum pictaque praelia
Visam, remoto forte sub angulo
  Pupam reperturus relictam
    Delicias pueri Saitae.

XI

Singing

OF speckled eggs the birdie sings
And nests among the trees;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.

The children sing in far Japan
The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.

XI

Nos Cantabimus Invicem

SUMMIS arboris in comis
Nunc nidum, sua nunc ova, canunt aves;
Interdum recinit mari
Funem navita, mox cetera navigi;

Proles gaudet Hiberica,
Gaudent Nipponiae carmine liberi;
Saevit Juppiter imbribus,
Sed cantat fidicen cum cithara madens.

XII

Looking Forward

WHEN I am grown to man's estate
I shall be very proud and great,
And tell the other girls and boys
Not to meddle with my toys.

XII

Sume Superbiam Quaesitam Meritis

CUM toga pura mihi jam sit, cum robur adultum,
Qui mihi tunc fastus! tunc ego quantus ero!
Tunc interdicam tetigisse volubile buxum,
Sive puer cupiat sive puella meum.

XIII

A Good Play

WE built a ship upon the stairs
All made of the back-bedroom chairs,
And filled it full of sofa pillows
To go a-sailing on the billows.

We took a saw and several nails,
And water in the nursery pails;
And Tom said, "Let us also take
An apple and a slice of cake";—
Which was enough for Tom and me
To go a-sailing on, till tea.

We sailed along for days and days,
And had the very best of plays;
But Tom fell out and hurt his knee,
So there was no one left but me.

XIII

Pacatum Volitant Per Mare Navitae

AD scalam facimus ratem, potiti
Sellis e thalamo remotiore;
Pulvinos cumulamus aggregatos,
Fluctus vela per horridos daturi.
Serram non sine clavulis, hamasque
Plenas gessimus, et, monente Thoma,
Pomum et dimidiam fere placentam;
Quae per tempora postmeridiana
Sat certe pueris forent duobus.
Noctes atque dies vehi per aequor
Jucundissimus omnium jocorum est.
Sic nos ludimus; at, miselle frater!
Lapsus navigio genuque laesus
Me solum dominum scaphae relinquis.

XIV

Where go the Boats?

DARK brown is the river,
Golden is the sand,
It flows along for ever,
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
Where will all come home?

On goes the river
And out past the mill.
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

XIV

In Omne Volubilis Aevum

IT per aureas arenas, labitur volubilis
Inter arbores, et undas volvit amnis turbidas;
Spuma currit conglobata, defluunt frondes cito;
Spuma cymbae, frons phaseli dat natans imaginem;
Nostra classis tot scapharum quae petet navalia?
Pronus amnis it relicta valle; praeterit molam,
Praeterit colles; et ultra jam trecenta millia
Litori ignotus phaselos attrahet nostros puer.

XV

Auntie's Skirts

WHENEVER Auntie moves around,
Her dresses make a curious sound;
They trail behind her up the floor,
And trundle after through the door.

XV

Talis Erat Dido

QUANDOQUE nostra se movet matertera,
Non cernis in mirum modum
Crepare vestimenta per tapetia,
Et pone per fores sequi?

XVI

The Land of Counterpane

WHEN I was sick and lay a-bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

XVI

Surgit Amandi Aliquid Medioque Angore Voluptas

STERNIT aegroti capiti cubantis
Alma pulvinum genetrix et addit
Alterum; dextrae simul adjacebat
Capsula nostra,
Luderem ut felix; fugit hora velox,
Milites armis sagulisque pictis
Plumbea incedit legio, viamque
Per juga lodix
Indicat rugis; marium recessus
Dat toral classi; virides in arvis
Arbores pono; statuoque tectis
Pluribus urbes.
Ceu gigas celsa recubans in arce,
Cuncta pulvinis ego fultus illis,
Conspicor; campos latebrasque amoenas
Lintea praebent.

XVII

The Land of Nod

FROM breakfast on all through the day
At home among my friends I stay;
But every night I go abroad
Afar into the land of Nod.

All by myself I have to go,
With none to tell me what to do—
All alone beside the streams
And up the mountain-sides of dreams.

The strangest things are there for me,
Both things to eat and things to see,
And many frightening sights abroad
Till morning in the land of Nod.

Try as I like to find the way,
I never can get back by day,
Nor can remember plain and clear
The curious music that I hear.

XVII

Somnia quae Veras Aequent Imitamine Formas

JENTO parentes inter amabiles,
Domique totus conteritur dies;
Noctu peregrinor relicta
Nyctelios patria per agros.
Solus Soporis dum videor mihi
Rivos pererrare et nemora et juga,
Dum nitor obscurus viator,
Quid faciam mihi nullus auctor.
Nocturna quis non obstupeat videns?
Nunc offeruntur mira cibo mihi,
Nunc mira terrori, vaganti
Nyctelii per opaca regni.
Frustra petivi (luce latet) viam;
Frustra requiro saepe mele vigil
Audita; nam confusa imago
Carminis est, periere voces.

XVIII

My Shadow

I HAVE a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there is none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he 's a coward you can see;
I 'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

XVIII

Sequiturque Parem Non Passibus Aequis

UMBRA mihi comes it, pedibusque insistit; at umbra
Cur velit ire vias officiosa meas?
Et speciem et formam similem gerit umbra; quietum
Vix salio in lectum, sed salit umbra prior.
Ridicula est; lente puerilia corpora crescunt,
Sed cito, sed vario vertitur umbra modo;
Nunc sese amplificat, subito est longissima visu;
Nunc, si vult minui, nulla videnda manet.
Ludere dum ludo pueriliter umbra recusat;
Sed me ludibrio semper habere cupit.
Si lateri haererem, gelidi me dura timoris
Argueret nutrix, haeret ut umbra mihi.
Mane fuit; nullo non ros in flore nitebat,
Nondum orbis poterat cernere Solis equos.
Surrexi; cubat umbra tamen, devincta sopore;
Effugi pigram; dormiit umbra domi.

XIX

System

EVERY night my prayers I say,
And get my dinner every day;
And every day that I 've been good,
I get an orange after food.

The child that is not clean and neat,
With lots of toys and things to eat,
He is a naughty child, I'm sure—
Or else his dear papa is poor.

XIX

Certa Stant Omnia Lege

VOTAQUE sub noctem facio de more precesque;
Quotquot eunt signat regula prisca dies;
Cena ministratur; cena de more peracta
Adduntur puero Medica mala bono.
Quem maculae foedant, qui turpi squalet amictu,
Cui cena haud praesto est, pupaque nulla datur;
Non hic urbanus, non hic bonus esse videtur
Ni res dura gravat pauperiesque patrem.

XX

A Good Boy

I WOKE before the morning, I was happy all the day,
I never said an ugly word, but smiled and stuck to play.

And now at last the sun is going down behind the wood,
And I am very happy, for I know that I've been good.

My bed is waiting cool and fresh, with linen smooth and fair,
And I must off to sleepsin-by, and not forget my prayer.

I know that, till to-morrow I shall see the sun arise,
No ugly dream shall fright my mind, no ugly sight my eyes,

But slumber hold me tightly till I waken in the dawn,
And hear the thrushes singing in the lilacs round the lawn.

XX

Dis Pietas Mea et Musa Cordi Est

ANTE diem somno solvor; ludusque diurnus
Placetque risus et loquella candida.
Quem non felicem reddet mens conscia recti?
Bonumque, Phoebe, me videbis occidens.
Lectus adest et leve toral et lintea munda;
Decet cubare nec preces omittere.
Nec lemures timeo, ne vexent somnia mentem,
Soporis alma nosse vincla laetior,
Dum redeat Phoebus, revolet dum turdus in hortum
Canatque mane Persidas per arbores.

XXI

Escape at Bedtime

THE lights from the parlour and kitchen shone out
Through the blinds and the windows and bars;
And high overhead and all moving about,
There were thousands of millions of stars.
There ne'er were such thousands of leaves on a tree,
Nor of people in church or the Park,
As the crowds of the stars that looked down upon me,
And that glittered and winked in the dark.

The Dog, and the Plough, and the Hunter, and all,
And the star of the sailor, and Mars,
These shone in the sky, and the pail by the wall
Would be half full of water and stars.
They saw me at last, and they chased me with cries,
And they soon had me packed into bed;
But the glory kept shining and bright in my eyes,
And the stars going round in my head.

XXI

Vetas Me Caelo Interesse?

LUMINIBUS domus alta nitet; distincta fenestris
Atria, non aliter luce culina nitet.
Et super in caelo, variis dum cursibus instant,
Stellarum nobis milia multa micant.
Non tot vere novo tremulis stat frondibus arbor,
Tantaque non Campum templava turba petit,
Quanta mihi in tenebris astrorum turba refulget
Motibus ut gaudent ire corusca suis.
Vergilias calidumque Canem vidique Booten,
Cum Marte Orion conspiciendus erat;
In caelo haec; simul ad murum quae forte jacebat
Commixtos latices astraque praebet hama.
Me tandem inveniunt; profugum clamore sequuntur;
Captum dat calido dextera firma toro;
Ante oculos sed lucet adhuc mihi gloria mundi,
Mentem agitat moles sidereusque chorus.

XXII

Marching Song

BRING the comb and play upon it!
Marching, here we come!
Willie cocks his highland bonnet,
Johnnie beats the drum.

Mary Jane commands the party
Peter leads the rear;
Feet in time, alert and hearty,
Each a Grenadier!

All in the most martial manner
Marching double-quick;
While the napkin like a banner
Waves upon the stick!

Here's enough of fame and pillage,
Great commander Jane!
Now that we've been round the village,
Let's go home again.

XXII

Victrices Aquilas Alium Laturus in Orbem

NUNC est canendum pectine corneo,
Pulsanda tellus nunc pede militum,
Nunc tympanorum vox resultet;
Femina dux Mariana facti.
Dum pilleatus Scotus adest decus
Primariorum, certa novissimi
Tutela Petreius tribunus
Agminis it. Baculoque fixam
Mappam cohortis signifer in modum
Profert vetustum. Jam legio simul,
Virtutis exemplar Sabellae,
Jussa ducis facit expedite.
Famae et rapinae cui satis est, piget
Longi duelli. Te duce quaerimus
Vico pererrato reverti;
Pace domi melius fruemur.

XXIII

The Cow

THE friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart:
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day;

And blown by all the winds that pass
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.

XXIII

Nivei Quam Lactis Abundans

VACCA, quae tergum varias colore
Candidum rubro, pueris amata,
Spumeum donas operosa potum,
Mente benigna.
Crusta quae Pomona Ceresque praebent
Lacte quid privata tuo saporis
Elaborabunt? Per amoena prata
Tuta vagaris.
Voce jucunda resonare parvos
Terminos gaudes, neque saepta temnis,
Laeta sub claro Jove, laeta et auras
Carpere dulces.
Flabra ventorum toleras et imbres
Comis aestivos; tibi mollis herba
Semper arridet; tibi cena mire
Florea cordi est.

XXIV

Happy Thought

THE world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

XXIV

Perfecta Absolutaque Elegantia Mundus

NESCIOQUAE sed tot mundus diversa ministrat;
Reges laetitia quis superare nequit?

XXV

The Wind

I SAW you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

XXV

Bene Qui Latuit

VIDI dracones, Eure, per aethera
Dum tendis, alto dum volucres polo
Tu spargis; audivi susurros
(Quale crepant chlamydes puellis)
Longas per herbas ut rapidus ruis.
Nec fallit aures quod recinis melos,
Dum flamine indefessus omnes
Assiduo properas per horas.
Sic te vocantem nec semel audio,
Vidique ludos, saepius impetum
Sensi reluctantis; sed ipsum
Te renuis fugiens videri.
O qui diurnos carmine temperas
Flatus, et adfers viribus integer
Frigus, sed invisus, quis audis?
Nomine quo potiore gaudes?
Dicam juventae robore te frui?
Vel te vetustum, vel similem mihi?
Pennis an aptum te bicorni
Fronte diem celerare cantu?

XXVI

Keepsake Mill

OVER the borders, a sin without pardon,
Breaking the branches and crawling below,
Out through the breach in the wall of the garden,
Down by the banks of the river, we go.

Here is the mill with the humming of thunder,
Here is the weir with the wonder of foam,
Here is the sluice with the race running under—
Marvellous places, though handy to home!

Sounds of the village grow stiller and stiller,
Stiller the note of the birds on the hill;
Dusty and dim are the eyes of the miller,
Deaf are his ears with the moil of the mill.

Years may go by, and the wheel in the river
Wheel as it wheels for us, children, to-day,
Wheel and keep roaring and foaming for ever
Long after all of the boys are away.

Home from the Indies and home from the ocean,
Heroes and soldiers we all shall come home;
Still we shall find the old mill wheel in motion,
Turning and churning that river to foam.

XXVI

Labitur et Labetur

EFFUGIMUS, ramis ausi subrepere fractis;
Delictis veniam talibus esse putas?
Hortis egredimur, stamusque in margine ripae;
Praebuerat muri nota ruina viam.
Hic rapidis euripus aquis, hic spumea moles,
Hic mola perpetuo murmure magna tonat.
Mira quidem loca sunt; pagi vox auribus instat,
Nec procul in clivo carmina fundit avis;
Haec primum audieris, sed mox miscentur in unum;
Scottorum in patria sunt loca mira domi.
Surdus erit dominus, caecusque volante farina,
Dum strepitu fruges aspera saxa terunt.
Anni labuntur, longinquas quaerimus oras;
Sed rota continuas volvitur inter aquas;
Sed mola cum strepitu sua saxa frementia versat;
Sed solet hic miris spuma volare modis.
Hic trans Oceanum miles, venietque relictis
Ille Indis; ambos gloria magna manet.
Sed saxa hic reduces operosa videbimus illa,
Dum rota cum spuma volvitur inter aquas.

Keepsake Mill

You with the bean that I gave when we quarrelled,
I with your marble of Saturday last,
Honoured and old and all gaily apparelled,
Here we shall meet and remember the past.

Labitur et labetur

Non ego perdiderim lapidem (tu nempe dedisti),
Tu retinebis (erat maxima rixa) fabam;
Claros grandaevos picta quoque veste juvabit
Annos praeteritos hoc revocare loco.

XXVII

Good and Bad Children

CHILDREN, you are very little,
And your bones are very brittle;
If you would grow great and stately,
You must try to walk sedately.

You must still be bright and quiet,
And content with simple diet;
And remain, through all bewild'ring,
Innocent and honest children.

Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places—
That was how, in ancient ages,
Children grew to kings and sages.

But the unkind and the unruly,
And the sort who eat unduly,
They must never hope for glory—
Theirs is quite a different story!

Cruel children, crying babies,
All grow up as geese and gabies,
Hated, as their age increases,
By their nephews and their nieces.

XXVII

Adbibe Puro Pectore Verba Puer

QUAM fragile est pueris corpus, quam parvula forma
Ossaque vel minimo volnere fracta jacent.
Siquis vult magnus, siquis procerior esse,
Gressibus urbanis hic opus esse putet.
Contentusque cibo toleret miracula vitae,
Immo hilaris lepide discat et esse bonus.
Si regum historias, si vis cognoscere vatum,
Felices pueros Musa fuisse docet;
Laeta animo vixit, voltu quoque laeta juventus,
Comiter herbosis ludere sueta locis.
Qui stomacho nimiusve gula est, qui jussa recusat,
Gloria vitabit. Fabula qualis erit!
Crudelis puer atque infans lacrimosus, adultus
Distat nil fatuis anseribusque nihil;
Hic erit invisus patruus, matertera parvis
Illa odiosa; ambos dira senecta manet.

XXVIII

Foreign Children

LITTLE Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
O! don't you wish that you were me?

You have seen the scarlet trees
And the lions over seas;
You have eaten ostrich eggs,
And turned the turtles off their legs.

Such a life is very fine,
But it's not so nice as mine:
You must often, as you trod,
Have wearied *not* to be abroad.

You have curious things to eat,
I am fed on proper meat;
You must dwell beyond the foam,
But I am safe and live at home.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee.
O! don't you wish that you were me?

XXVIII

Orientis Orae Seras et Indos

INDE, seu campos habitas patentes,
Sive tu mavis niveum lacunar,
Turce, tuque infans Garamantas ultra
Natus et Indos,
Splendidas cocco siluas videtis,
Saepe vos terret fremitus leonum,
Saepe testudo resupina praedae est
Poplite capta,
Ales et cursor sua praebet ova;
Mira sic vobis, meliora longe
Dat mihi Natura. Foris vagari
Taedet, opinor.
Tuta cui tellus neque transmarina,
Nec peregrinus cibus at sit aptus,
Vos mihi, cui sit domus, invidetis,
Vestraque nostris
Vos libet mutare. Dacota vitam
Mallet Anglorum, mea Corvus optat,
Optat et Turcus, subolesque creta
Nippone magno.

XXIX

The Sun's Travels

THE sun is not a-bed, when I
At night upon my pillow lie;
Still round the earth his way he takes,
And morning after morning makes.

While here at home, in shining day,
We round the sunny garden play,
Each little Indian sleepy-head
Is being kissed and put to bed.

And when at eve I rise from tea,
Day dawns beyond the Atlantic Sea,
And all the children in the West
Are getting up and being dressed.

XXIX

Soles Occidere et Redire Possunt

SOL indefessus properat dum nocte cubamus,
Et nova continua litora luce petit;
Inda procul, dum nos Phoebo laetamur et hortis,
Pignora composuit somniculosa toro.
Hesperus huc veniat; trans aequora Atlantica cernes
Induat ut vestem, Phosphore, quisque suam.

XXX

The Lamplighter

MY tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the sky;
It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by;
For every night at teatime and before you take your seat,
With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea,
And my papa's a banker and as rich as he can be;
But I, when I am stronger and can choose what I'm to do,
O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the lamps with you.

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door,
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many more;
And O! before you hurry by with ladder and with light,
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him to-night!

XXX

Facem Ducens Multa cum Luce Cucurrit

SOL ruit, et Lerius veniet; servare fenestram
Jam praestat; nondum Serica calda datur.
Per plateam semper Lerium properare lucerna
Et scala insignem sole cadente vides.
Rem sine fine pater dives mensarius auget;
Auriga esse Titus, navita Gaia cupit;
Sed mihi det Fortuna, Leri, sic currere tecum;
Scala viro grandi sitque lucerna mihi.
At nos felices lychnum quibus ante fenestras
Accendas veniens lumine rite, Leri!
Te puer expectat scala insignemque lucerna;
Hunc semel, et curres, tu modo avere jube.

XXXI

My Bed is a Boat

MY bed is like a little boat;
Nurse helps me in when I embark;
She girds me in my sailor's coat
And starts me in the dark.

At night, I go on board and say
Good night to all my friends on shore;
I shut my eyes and sail away
And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take,
As prudent sailors have to do:
Perhaps a slice of wedding-cake,
Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer:
But when the day returns at last
Safe in my room, beside the pier,
I find my vessel fast.

XXXI

Nocturnum Impavidus Nauta Secat Mare

EST pro lintre mihi lectulus. Induit
Conscendentem habitu sedula nautico
Nutrix; arte levat, per tenebras dare
Certum lintea. Ceteris
Conclamo, Valeant. Tollimus ancoram;
Lucet nil oculis, nil sonat auribus.
Non prudentis erit spernere crustula;
Prodest ferre cibaria
Et pupam comitem. Per mare navigo
Nocturnus. Simulac Phosphore tu diem
Matutine refers, tuta domi tenet
Notam cymba crepidinem.

XXXII

The Moon

THE moon has a face like the clock in the hall;
She shines on thieves on the garden wall,
On streets and fields and harbour quays,
And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees.

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,
The howling dog by the door of the house,
The bat that lies in bed at noon,
All love to be out by the light of the moon.

But all of the things that belong to the day
Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way;
And flowers and children close their eyes
Till up in the morning the sun shall rise.

XXXII

Surgunt de Nocte Latrones

LUNA nitet; fures in muris candida cernit;
Orbis ut horologi Luna rotunda nitet.
Luna vias spectat, portus cum navibus, agros;
Arboris in ramis Luna tuetur aves.
Voce sua feles sub Luna gaudet acuta;
Stridet mus, ululat dum canis ante fores;
Vespertilio amat Lunam; cubat ille diurnum
Tempus; at his cunctis candida Luna placet.
Sed Lunam effugiunt, Solis quae lumine gaudent;
Praestat enim longe dulcis et alma quies.
Ut puer in lecto dormit, flos dormit in horto,
Dum dederit Phoebo Luna fugata locum.

XXXIII

The Swing

HOW do you like to go up in a swing,
  Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
  Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
  Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
  Over the countryside—

Till I look down on the garden green,
  Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
  Up in the air and down!

XXXIII

Caelum Ipsum Petimus

FUNIBUS extentis (puero quae tanta voluptas?),
Aera per liquidum me volitare juvat.
Evehor in caelum, visurus et omnia surgo;
Trans murum pecudes flumina rura patent.
Desuper aspicio tecta atque volatilis hortos;
Motibus alternis astra solumque peto.

XXXIV

Time to Rise

A BIRDIE with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window sill.
Cocked his shining eye and said:
"Ain't you 'shamed, you sleepy-head?"

XXXIV

Ales Diei Nuntius

PARVULA avis nostras subito salit ante fenestras;
Rostrum flava quidem, cetera nigra fuit.
Stat capite obliquo; spectat, dum lucet ocellus
Clarius. "A! pudeat somniculose!" canit.

XXXV

Looking-Glass River

SMOOTH it slides upon its travel,
Here a wimple, there a gleam—
O the clean gravel!
O the smooth stream!

Sailing blossoms, silver fishes,
Paven pools as clear as air—
How a child wishes
To live down there!

We can see our coloured faces
Floating on the shaken pool
Down in cool places,
Dim and very cool;

Till a wind or water wrinkle,
Dipping marten, plumping trout,
Spreads in a twinkle
And blots all out.

See the rings pursue each other;
All below grows black as night.
Just as if mother
Had blown out the light!

XXXV

Fies Nobilium tu Quoque Fontium

PRONUS ut leni trepidat meatu
Rivus; hic fulgor tremulus renidet;
Glarea hic levis patet; hic natantes
Aspice flores.
Splendidum argenti referunt colorem
Piscium gentes; sineretque fatum,
Lucidis vellet puer his sub undis
Vivere mersus.
Hic ut in puro speculo videmus
Frigidis nostras facies in undis
Dum per obscurum sua cuique imago
Redditur, omnes
Deleat donec levis aura lapsu,
Tructa vel saltu, moveatve hirundo,
Tingit ut pennam rapido volatu,
Marmor aquarum.
Vertice in gyros agitatur aequor
Latius, nigrante simul profundo,
Nocte ut exstincto tenebrae sequuntur
Lumine densae.

Looking-Glass River

Patience, children, just a minute—
See the spreading circles die;
The stream and all in it
Will clear by-and-by.

Fies Nobilium tu Quoque Fontium

Protinus—ne vos pigeat—fluente
Vertices rivo minui videtis;
Unda tranquillam speciem redonat
Marmore claro.

XXXVI

Fairy Bread

COME up here, O dusty feet!
Here is fairy bread to eat
Here in my retiring room,
Children, you may dine
On the golden smell of broom
And the shade of pine;
And when you have eaten well,
Fairy stories hear and tell.

XXXVI

Otia Dia

PULVERIS fesso tibi si viaeque
Pane nympharum libet inter umbras
Pineas vesci, simul et genistae
Si placet aura
Flava, non nostras fugies latebras.
Audies miras bene pastus idem
Fabulas; nobis alias vicissim
Tu recitabis.

XXXVII

From a Railway Carriage

FASTER than fairies, faster than witches,
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;
And charging along like troops in a battle,
All through the meadows the horses and cattle:
All of the sights of the hill and the plain
Fly as thick as driving rain;
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
Painted stations whistle by.

Here is a child who clambers and scrambles,
All by himself and gathering brambles;
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;
And there is the green for stringing the daisies!
Here is a cart run away in the road
Lumping along with man and load;
And here is a mill and there is a river:
Each a glimpse and gone for ever!

XXXVII

Sine Pennis Volare

SAGAE tam cito nesciunt volare
Et Nymphae, puto, lentius moventur;
Sic pontesque casaeque, saepta, fossae,
Passim praetereunt et avehuntur.
Non in proelia turma currit audax
Ut per prata pecus videtur ire.
Non densentur aquae ruentis imbris
Ut cuncta ardua plana conglobantur.
Conives: statioque picta tignis,
Inter stridula signa sibilorum,
Paene evanuit antequam videtur.
Hic bacas puer in rubis requirit,
Obtutuque vago viator haeret;
Illic bellide prata sunt venusta,
Posses nectere candidas coronas.
Hic plaustrum rapiens fugax caballus
Aurigam quatit atque onus volutat.
Pistrinumque vides, videsque flumen,
Sed cernis simul et simul relinquis.

XXXVIII

Winter-Time

LATE lies the wintry sun a-bed,
A frosty, fiery sleepy-head;
Blinks but an hour or two; and then,
A blood-red orange, sets again.

Before the stars have left the skies,
At morning in the dark I rise;
And shivering in my nakedness,
By the cold candle, bathe and dress.

Close by the jolly fire I sit
To warm my frozen bones a bit;
Or with a reindeer sled, explore
The colder countries round the door.

When to go out, my nurse doth wrap
Me in my comforter and cap:
The cold wind burns my face, and blows
Its frosty pepper up my nose.

Black are my steps on silver sod;
Thick blows my frosty breath abroad;
And tree and house, and hill and lake,
Are frosted like a wedding-cake.

XXXVIII

Sunt et Sua Gaudia Brumae

SERIUS e lecto bruma redit igneus, sed horas
Geluque tardus Sol gravisque somno
Vix binas nictat; mox luteus occidit; vidensque
Malum putares Medicum ruentem.
In tenebris surgo; chorus aethera siderum frequentat;
Candela lumen frigidum ministrat,
Dum nudus tremulusque puer lavor induorque veste;
Mox ossa solvo stratus ad caminum,
Aut trahea junctis renonibus evehor; nivalem
Zonam, lacerna pilleoque tectus,
Ante fores viso; Boreas tamen excitatus urit
Genas rigentes Indicumque nares
Ut piper irritat. Vestigia candidas per herbas
Jam nigra pono; spissior per auras
Halitus it; circum colles, domus, arboresque magnae
Lacusque canis albicant pruinis.

XXXIX

The Hayloft

THROUGH all the pleasant meadow-side
The grass grew shoulder-high,
Till the shining scythes went far and wide
And cut it down to dry.

These green and sweetly smelling crops
They led in waggons home;
And they piled them here in mountain tops.
For mountaineers to roam.

Here in Mount Clear, Mount Rusty-Nail,
Mount Eagle and Mount High;—
The mice that in these mountains dwell,
No happier are than I!

O what a joy to clamber there,
O what a place for play,
With the sweet, the dim, the dusty air,
The happy hills of hay.

XXXIX

Magnas Curre per Alpes

PRATA florent, crescit herba, mox viret collo tenus;
Tum colonus falce late candida impiger metit;
Fervidoque sol vapore siccat; et gementia
Plaustra faenum suave portant; inde per faenilia
Aggeratur, montiumque parvulis praebet juga.
Monte Claro, Monte Summo, scanditur laeto pede,
Monte mox Robiginoso, deinde Monte Vulture.
Non erunt feliciores incolae mures; ego
Tam beatus ut per alta nitor hic cacumina,
Tam beatus, ut relabor optimo ludens loco,
Dum tenebris laetor, aura vescor et dulcedine,
Dum licet mihi vagari faeneis in montibus.

XL

Farewell to the Farm

THE coach is at the door at last;
The eager children, mounting fast
And kissing hands, in chorus sing:
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

To house and garden, field and lawn,
The meadow-gates we swang upon,
To pump and stable, tree and swing,
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

And fare you well for evermore,
O ladder at the hayloft door,
O hayloft where the cobwebs cling,
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

Crack goes the whip, and off we go;
The trees and houses smaller grow;
Last, round the woody turn we swing;
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

XL

Cedes Amatis Saltibus et Domo Villaque

CARPENTUM, properetis! adest! Conscendere certant
Jam cupide pueri;
Jamque "Valete!" choro clamant, et fervida jactant
Oscula quisque manu.
Prata domus stabulum valeant! hortusque valeto
Nobilis arboribus!
Antlia curva, et sella volans, equitataque nobis
Porta, valete simul!
Vos et araneoli sedes, faenilia cara,
Scalaque longa vale!
Omnia jam valeant, quot erat novisse voluptas
Hora sed una rapit
Cuncta oculis. Jam currus abit, crepitante flagello;
Alta domus minui
Incipit; hic silva est, hic angulus invidus obstat;
Silva "Vale!" resonat.

XLI

North-West Passage

1. Good Night

WHEN the bright lamp is carried in,
The sunless hours again begin;
O'er all without, in field and lane,
The haunted night returns again.

Now we behold the embers flee
About the firelit hearth; and see
Our faces painted as we pass,
Like pictures, on the window-glass.

Must we to bed indeed? Well then,
Let us arise and go like men,
And face with an undaunted tread
The long black passage up to bed.

Farewell, O brother, sister, sire!
O pleasant party round the fire!
The songs you sing, the tales you tell,
Till far to-morrow, fare ye well!

XLI

Vos Quibus est Virtus Muliebrem Tollite Luctum

ACCENSA tenebras credes rediisse lucerna;
Horrida nox campos, nox tegit atra vias.
Cernimus obscuris voltus lucere fenestris
Nostros; dissiliunt ligna vapore foci.
Ad lectum nos fata vocant? Ergo ibimus ultro;
Absint quae valeant dedecorare viros!
Ibimus; et caecaeque fores et pervius usus
Nigrescant! firmo nos decet ire pede.
Vos tamen, o qui sic placidi recubatis ad ignem,
Tu soror et frater tuque, valete, pater!
Carmina jam valeant; valeat quoque fabula nobis;
Cras procul est; sed cras haec revocare volet.

North-West Passage

2. Shadow March

All round the house is the jet-black night;
It stares through the window-pane;
It crawls in the corners, hiding from the light,
And it moves with the moving flame.

Now my little heart goes a-beating like a drum,
With the breath of the Bogie in my hair;
And all round the candle the crooked shadows come
And go marching along up the stair.

The shadow of the balusters, the shadow of the lamp,
The shadow of the child that goes to bed—
All the wicked shadows coming, tramp, tramp, tramp,
With the black night overhead.

2

Et Calcanda Semel Via Lecti

NOX super atra volat; tenebris Nox atria cingit;
Inspicit et velo siqua fenestra caret;
Nox latet in rimis cupiens vitare lucernam,
Amotam sequitur, scit variare locos;
Corda pavor pulsat, pulsant ut tympana Galli;
Spiratque in nostras larva maligna comas;
Obliquae candelam umbrae comitantur euntem;
Umbrarum scalas horrida turba petit;
Cancellorum umbrae trepidant, tremit umbra lucernae,
Umbra sua est puero; cuique sed umbra sua est.
Dirarum circum tanta stipante caterva
Umbrarum in scalis, Nox super atra volat.

North-West Passage

3. In Port

Last, to the chamber where I lie
My fearful footsteps patter nigh,
And come from out the cold and gloom
Into my warm and cheerful room.

There, safe arrived, we turn about
To keep the coming shadows out,
And close the happy door at last
On all the perils that we past.

Then, when mamma goes by to bed,
She shall come in with tip-toe tread,
And see me lying warm and fast
And in the Land of Nod at last.

3

Mihi Parta Quies, Omnisque in Limine Portus

JAM tandem thalamum pedibus titubantibus intro;
Excipit e tenebris lucida et alma quies;
Nec mora, terrores excludit porta salutis;
Exclusa umbrarum dira caterva fugit.
Summis incedens digitis mox sedula viset
Me mater, serum dum petit ipsa torum;
Et puerum inveniet post tanta pericula tutum
In lecto, Somnus cui sua dona dedit.

THE CHILD ALONE

SOLITUDINEM VOCAS; SED
QUOTUS EST?

I

The Unseen Playmate

WHEN children are playing alone on the green,
In comes the playmate that never was seen.
When children are happy and lonely and good,
The Friend of the Children comes out of the wood.

Nobody heard him and nobody saw,
His is a picture you never could draw,
But he's sure to be present, abroad or at home,
When children are happy and playing alone.

He lies in the laurels, he runs on the grass,
He sings when you tinkle the musical glass;
Whene'er you are happy and cannot tell why,
The Friend of the Children is sure to be by!

He loves to be little, he hates to be big,
'T is he that inhabits the caves that you dig;
'T is he when you play with your soldiers of tin
That sides with the Frenchmen and never can win.

'T is he, when at night you go off to your bed,
Bids you go to your sleep and not trouble your head;
For wherever they're lying, in cupboard or shelf,
'T is he will take care of your playthings himself!

I

Non sine Dis Animosus Infans

CUM puer in prato vult ludere solus et serenus,
Ludoque felix, tum vidente nullo
Tum subit e silva tacito pede parvulorum amicus;
Sed forma, sed vox, sed latet figura;
Pictori licet haec incognita sint, domi forisque
Soli beato jungitur sodalis.
Hic jacet in lauris, in gramine currit, et canora
Hic voce cantat tinniente vitro.
Si tibi mens soli laetissima, nec patente caussa,
Venisse credas parvulorum amicum.
Esse quidem minimo vult corpore; grandis esse nolit;
Colit cavernas quas fodis; tuorum
Plumbea bellator petit agmina Gallus, et triumphas.
Hic nocte, cum tu jam cubare debes,
Auspice se dicit tutas (tibi nil monet timendum)
Quocumque pupae pegmatum quiescant.

II

My Ship and I

O IT'S I that am the captain of a tidy little ship,
Of a ship that goes a-sailing on the pond;
And my ship it keeps a-turning all around and all about;
But when I'm a little older, I shall find the secret out
How to send my vessel sailing on beyond.

For I mean to grow as little as the dolly at the helm,
And the dolly I intend to come alive;
And with him beside to help me, it's a-sailing I shall go,
It's a-sailing on the water, when the jolly breezes blow
And the vessel goes a divie-divie dive.

O it's then you'll see me sailing through the rushes and the reeds,
And you'll hear the water singing at the prow;
For beside the dolly sailor, I'm to voyage and explore,
To land upon the island where no dolly was before,
And to fire the penny cannon in the bow.

II

Fragilemque Mecum Solvat Phaselon

NAVICULAM mitto nitidam per stagna magister,
Sed verti in gyros semper ubique solet;
Inveniam—dabit hic annus vel proximus—artem
Qua poterit recta cymba natare via.
Pupa reget clavum; fiam non grandior illa;
Pupaque condiscet reddere verba mihi.
Nobile par nautarum ingens iterabimus aequor;
Transiliet ventis acta carina fretum.
Tum calamos tranare ratem juncosque videbis,
Dum sulcat resonum spumea prora vadum.
Insula tum noscet, puparum nescia, nostram,
Cum nos ignotum per mare vela damus.
Torquebit lapidem e prora ballista minacem,
Parvula, sed nobis constitit asse tamen.

III

My Kingdom

DOWN by a shining water well
I found a very little dell,
No higher than my head.
The heather and the gorse about
In summer bloom were coming out,
Some yellow and some red.

I called the little pool a sea;
The little hills were big to me;
For I am very small.
I made a boat, I made a town,
I searched the caverns up and down,
And named them one and all.

And all about was mine, I said,
The little sparrows overhead,
The little minnows too.
This was the world and I was king;
For me the bees came by to sing,
For me the swallows flew.

III

Hae Latebrae Dulces

AD puteum invenio vallem; clivique reducti
Vix humeros superant;
Flava genista viget, simul et flos splendet erices
Purpureae per humum.
Hi parvo impendent montes; urbs parvula surgit;
Cymba dolata natat
In stagno; mihi pontus erat; tribuique cavernis
Nomina cuique suum.
Sunt mea regna, inquam; parvis rex piscibus addor,
Passeribusque simul.
Mundus erat; regem volitans me novit hirundo,
Murmure mulcet apis;

My Kingdom

I played there were no deeper seas,
Nor any wider plains than these,
  Nor other kings than me.
At last I heard my mother call
Out from the house at evenfall,
  To call me home to tea.

And I must rise and leave my dell,
And leave my dimpled water well,
  And leave my heather blooms.
Alas! and as my home I neared,
How very big my nurse appeared,
  How great and cool the rooms!

Hae Latebrae Dulces

Regem non alium, mare nullum hoc altius esse,
Rura minora meo
Cetera, sic finxi. Tandem me vespere mater
Alma domum revocat.
Tristior at floresque meos vallemque relinquo
Qua salit unda loquax.
Ut reduci nutrix ingens, ut nostra videtur
Frigida et ampla domus!

IV

Picture-Books in Winter

SUMMER fading, winter comes—
Frosty mornings, tingling thumbs,
Window robins, winter rooks,
And the picture story-books.

Water now is turned to stone
Nurse and I can walk upon;
Still we find the flowing brooks
In the picture story-books.

All the pretty things put by,
Wait upon the children's eye,
Sheep and shepherds, trees and crooks,
In the picture story-books.

We may see how all things are,
Seas and cities, near and far,
And the flying fairies' looks,
In the picture story-books.

How am I to sing your praise,
Happy chimney-corner days,
Sitting safe in nursery nooks,
Reading picture story-books?

IV

Otium sine Litteris Mors est

AESTAS praeterit advenitque bruma;
Urit frigore pollices pruina;
Corvorum sibi turma quid facessit?
Vult spectare rubisca per fenestras;
Tu pictis poteris vacare libris.
Stat rivus glacie; putare posses
Nutricem in silice ambulare mecum;
Sed pictis fluit in libris perennis.
Rerum copia quanta pulcriorum est,
Et quidquid pueris valet placere,
Pastores, peda, fraxinos gregesque,
Urbes et maria, exterasque gentes,
Nympharum speciem volaticarum,
In pictis potes invenire libris.
Felicem puerum et dies beatos,
Nostra laude dies beatiores,
Dum sic possit in angulo ad caminum
Pictis se recreare cum libellis.

V

My Treasures

THESE nuts, that I keep in the back of the nest
Where all my lead soldiers are lying at rest,
Were gathered in autumn by nursie and me
In a wood with a well by the side of the sea.

This whistle we made (and how clearly it sounds!)
By the side of a field at the end of the grounds.
Of a branch of a plane, with a knife of my own,
It was nursie who made it, and nursie alone!

The stone, with the white and the yellow and grey,
We discovered I cannot tell *how* far away;
And I carried it back although weary and cold,
For though father denies it, I'm sure it is gold.

But of all of my treasures the last is the king,
For there's very few children possess such a thing;
And that is a chisel, both handle and blade,
Which a man who was really a carpenter made.

V

Intactis Opulentior Thesauris Arabum

IN nido recubant nuces virique
(Arma at plumbea, plumbeus maniplus),
Illas ad mare, qua nemus virebat,
Legi, qua puteum potes videre,
Nec nutrix operam suam negabat,
Dum Septembribus evagamur horis.
Illam respice fistulam; sonatque
Argutum satis! Inter arva quondam
Haec facta est prope limitem. Facitque
Nutrix, quae calamos leves recidit,
Nutrix sola, meo sed usa cultro.
Hunc glauco lapidem vides colore,
Flavae quem maculae notant et albae.
Hunc olim procul, a! procul repertum
Aerumna refero geluque tardus.
Etsi incredulus hoc pater refellit,
Aurum maluimus quidem putare.
Thesauri tamen hic tueris ipsum
Florem, delicias decusque nostrum.
Raro nam puero reor datum esse
Scalprum, lamina cui sit apta; et ansam
Vir vere faber arte collocavit.

VI

Block City

WHAT are you able to build with your blocks?
Castles and palaces, temples and docks.
Rain may keep raining, and others go roam,
But I can be happy and building at home.

Let the sofa be mountains, the carpet be sea,
There I'll establish a city for me:
A kirk and a mill and a palace beside,
And a harbour as well where my vessels may ride.

Great is the palace with pillar and wall,
A sort of a tower on the top of it all,
And steps coming down in an orderly way
To where my toy vessels lie safe in the bay.

This one is sailing and that one is moored:
Hark to the song of the sailors on board!
And see on the steps of my palace, the kings
Coming and going with presents and things!

Now I have done with it, down let it go!
All in a moment the town is laid low.
Block upon block lying scattered and free,
What is there left of my town by the sea?

VI

Balbus Murum Aedificat

QUID struis laterculis?
Aquas profundunt turbidas procellae
Ceteri foras eant,
Domi beatus construo redemptor
Templa cum palatiis
Casasque. Cernis sigma montis instar;
Sit tapete pro mari;
Nitebit hic urbs, hic mola, hic carinis
Portus, hic palatia
Erunt et aedes splendidae columnis;
Turris insuper novis
Stat alta muris; per gradus at itur
Rite qua patet sinus
Scaphis quietus; ancora haec ligatur,
Illa vela dat Noto,
Sed carmina audis laeta navitarum.
Dona per gradus vides
Reges moveri dum ferunt superbos.
Jamque taedet aedium
Et urbis; igne fulmen ut corusco,
Jam citata dextera
Dedit ruinam; per solum cadentes
Dissipat laterculos;
Manet quid urbis litore in marino?

Block City

Yet as I saw it, I see it again,
The kirk and the palace, the ships and the men,
And as long as I live and where'er I may be,
I'll always remember my town by the sea.

Balbus Murum Aedificat

Templa navitas rates
Domosque videor ut prius videre.
Vita dum superstiti est
Mihi, subibit urbis haec imago.

VII

The Land of Story-Books

AT evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear land of Story-books.

VII

Manet Sub Jove Frigido Venator

JAM vesperascit; jamque parentibus
Lychnus paratur; ligna super foco
Ponuntur; at ludos recusant,
Cantibus aut hilares loquella.
Armatus arcu non sine plurimis
Repo sagittis, qua paries nigrat,
Nocturnus in silvas, repertis
Pone torum latebris paternum.
Venator illic, nec videor, catus
Ludo per umbras historias, libris
Siquas in antiquis relegi,
Dum veniat levis hora somni.
Celsique montes et nemus avium,
Stellarum et hic sunt magna silentia,
Raucoque lenimen leoni
Volvit aquas fluvius profundas.
Jam castra cerno (prodidit ignium
Fulgor) parentes qua reficit quies
Secura; at explorator Indus
Invigilo, latitans in herbis.
Me cara nutrix cum vocat ut cubem,
Trans aequor ibo; respiciam tamen
Terras repertas in libellis
Ulterioris amore ripae.

VIII

Armies in the Fire

THE lamps now glitter down the street;
Faintly sound the falling feet;
And the blue even slowly falls
About the garden trees and walls.

Now in the falling of the gloom
The red fire paints the empty room:
And warmly on the roof it looks,
And flickers on the backs of books.

Armies march by tower and spire
Of cities blazing, in the fire;—
Till as I gaze with staring eyes,
The armies fade, the lustre dies.

Then once again the glow returns;
Again the phantom city burns;
And down the red-hot valley, lo!
The phantom armies marching go!

Blinking embers, tell me true
Where are those armies marching to,
And what the burning city is
That crumbles in your furnaces!

VIII

Plena sunt Imaginum Omnia

VESPER adest; plateis peditum jam turba recessit;
Jam nitet in longis multa lucerna viis;
Jam celant hortos, jam lenta crepuscula muros;
Lapsus per caeli caerula Vesper adest.
Atria per tenebras lustrat, pingitque lacunar
Flamma et dispositos luce micante libros.
Conspicere et videor, sedeo dum parvus ad ignem,
Urbes turritas armaque rubra virum.
Mox ardent urbes; fugiunt mox agmina visum;
Et candore suo nigra favilla caret.
Jam resilit fulgor, jamque urbe flagrante virorum
In rutilis umbras vallibus ire vides.
Quid sibi vult acies? vel quem petit illa locorum?
Quaeve urbs? Carbones, dicite vera mihi!

IX

The Little Land

WHEN at home alone I sit
And am very tired of it,
I have just to shut my eyes
To go sailing through the skies—
To go sailing far away
To the pleasant Land of Play;
To the fairy land afar
Where the Little People are;
Where the clover-tops are trees,
And the rain-pools are the seas,
And the leaves like little ships
Sail about on tiny trips;
And above the daisy tree
Through the grasses,
High o'er head the Bumble Bee
Hums and passes.

In that forest to and fro
I can wander, I can go;
See the spider and the fly,
And the ants go marching by
Carrying parcels with their feet
Down the green and grassy street.

IX

Parva Sed Apta Mihi

CUM sedeo, taedetque domi solumque sedere,
Lumina si claudo, protinus ales eo.
Tum feror in caelum, liquidumque per aethera vectus
Rura peto ludis commodiora meis;
Rura procul Pygmaea peto, gentemque minutam,
Medica queis silvam bellis et alta facit;
Rura peto, qua pro vasto pluvialia ponto
Stagna jacent; illic frondea cymba natat.
Hic vagor in silvis, qua musca et aranea certant,
Dum polus aetherius murmura mittit apum;
Pondera dum pedibus portat formica ruitque
Qua facilem viridis praebeat herba viam;

The Little Land

I can in the sorrel sit
Where the ladybird alit.
I can climb the jointed grass;
  And on high
See the greater swallows pass
  In the sky,
And the round sun rolling by
Heeding no such things as I.

Through that forest I can pass
Till, as in a looking-glass,
Humming fly and daisy tree
And my tiny self I see,
Painted very clear and neat
On the rain-pool at my feet.
Should a leaflet come to land
Drifting near to where I stand,
Straight I'll board that tiny boat
Round the rain-pool sea to float.

Little thoughtful creatures sit
On the grassy coasts of it;
Little things with lovely eyes
See me sailing with surprise.
Some are clad in armour green—
(These have sure to battle been!)—

Parva Sed Apta Mihi

Est lapathus statio scarabaeo grataque nobis;
Nodosus, si vis scandere, culmus adest;
Altius in caelo volitat me major hirundo;
Phoebe, procul curris, nec tibi cura mei.
Sic vagor, et stagni mihi reddita in aequore parvi
Magna patet bellis muscaque magna patet.
Parvula et ipsa mihi mea reddita lucet imago;
Effigiem veram dat pluvialis aqua.
Sed mihi si volvunt fluctus ad litora frondem,
Per pluviale fretum navita vela dabo;
Pulcris hic oculis, molli meditantur in herba
Bestiolae, et spectant meque meamque ratem;
Hae virides armis, expertaeque horrida bella;

The Little Land

Some are pied with ev'ry hue,
Black and crimson, gold and blue;
Some have wings and swift are gone;—
But they all look kindly on.

When my eyes I once again
Open, and see all things plain:
High bare walls, great bare floor;
Great big knobs on drawer and door;
Great big people perched on chairs,
Stitching tucks and mending tears,
Each a hill that I could climb,
And talking nonsense all the time—
  O dear me,
  That I could be
A sailor on the rain-pool sea,
A climber in the clover tree,
And just come back, a sleepy-head,
Late at night to go to bed.

Parva Sed Apta Mihi

Plurimus his variat splendida terga color;
Spectat amica cohors, auroque illustris et ostro;
Protinus et, velox est quibus ala, volant.
Tandem oculis rerum formas contemplor apertis,
Imposita et nudo moenia nuda solo;
Ansa fores ingens decorat, neque cista sine ansa est;
Immo instar montis femina quaeque sedet;
Consuit haec tunicam; pannum lacerum illa resarcit;
Dum miscet nugas stulta loquella meras,
Hei! mihi! si possem quos tollit medica ramos
Scandere, et in pluvio fronde natare vado,
Nec mundum petere ingentem dum nocte vocarent
Defessum sera lectus et alta quies.

GARDEN DAYS

POSUIT EUM IN PARADISO
VOLUPTATIS

I

Night and Day

WHEN the golden day is done,
Through the closing portal,
Child and garden, flower and sun,
Vanish all things mortal.

As the blinding shadows fall,
As the rays diminish,
Under evening's cloak, they all
Roll away and vanish.

Garden darkened, daisy shut,
Child in bed, they slumber—
Glow-worm in the highway rut,
Mice among the lumber.

In the darkness houses shine,
Parents move with candles;
Till on all, the night divine
Turns the bedroom handles.

Till at last the day begins
In the east a-breaking,
In the hedges and the whins
Sleeping birds a-waking.

I

Redeunt Spectacula Mane

AUREUS it Phoebus; tenebrae mortalia condunt,
Flores et pueros arvaque culta simul;
Rarescunt radii; montes umbrantur opaci;
Omnia jam Noctis nigra lacerna tegit.
Ut pueri in lectis, obscuro bellis in horto
Dormit; lampyris parva cubile petit;
Scruta inter recubant mures; candela parentes
Illustrat; lucet quaeque fenestra domus.
Nox divina operit cunctos, dum rursus Eous
Sentibus in duris suscitet ortus aves;

Night and Day

In the darkness shapes of things,
  Houses, trees, and hedges,
Clearer grow; and sparrows' wings
  Beat on window ledges.

These shall wake the yawning maid;
  She the door shall open—
Finding dew on garden glade
  And the morning broken.

There my garden grows again
  Green and rosy painted,
As at eve behind the pane
  From my eyes it fainted.

Just as it was shut away,
  Toy-like, in the even,
Here I see it glow with day
  Under glowing heaven.

Every path and every plot,
  Every bush of roses,
Every blue forget-me-not
  Where the dew reposes,

"Up!" they cry, "the day is come
  On the smiling valleys;
We have beat the morning drum;
  Playmate, join your allies!"

Redeunt Spectacula Mane

Multa per obscurum, casa saepta arbusta, videntur,
  Et penna auditur passeris ante domum.
Oscitat ut pandit valvas ancilla fidelis;
  Prospicit et pleno roscida prata die.
Qualem subripuit mihi nox, jam redditur hortus,
  Ante oculos viridis, non sine flore rosae.
Vespere qualis erat cum pupis hortus ademptus,
  Lumine talis erit lucidiore poli,
Roscida prata rosae calles, "damus, ecce!" reclamant,
  "Nos signum pueris; surgite! lumen adest!
Jam rediit" clamant "Phoebus, vallesque renident;
  Vos socii exspectant, vos studiosa cohors."

II

Nest Eggs

BIRDS, all the sunny day
Flutter and quarrel
Here in the arbour-like
Tent of the laurel.

Here in the fork
The brown nest is seated;
Four little blue eggs
The mother keeps heated.

While we stand watching her,
Staring like gabies,
Safe in each egg are the
Bird's little babies.

Soon the frail eggs they shall
Chip, and upspringing
Make all the April woods
Merry with singing.

Younger than we are,
O children, and frailer,
Soon in blue air they'll be,
Singer and sailor.

II

Illic Passeres Nidificabunt

SOL nitet, et volucres, ramis qua laurus obumbrat
Spectantes pueros, jurgia quanta movent!
Jam sedet in fusco (videas!) matercula nido,
Caerulea et pullos ova quaterna tegunt.
Defixi obtutu dum nos spectamus, in ovis
Tuta quidem suboles matre sedente latet.
Protinus exclusae furcam nidumque relinquent;
Cantibus incipiet silva sonare novis.
Ante annos jubet Aprilis petere aera nostros,
Carmina dum teneras ipse novella docet.

Nest Eggs

We, so much older,
  Taller and stronger,
We shall look down on the
  Birdies no longer.

They shall go flying
  With musical speeches
High overhead in the
  Tops of the beeches.

In spite of our wisdom
  And sensible talking,
We on our feet must go
  Plodding and walking.

Illic Passeres Nidificabunt

Amplior est habitus nobis et firmior aetas,
  Vix tamen in parvas despiciemus aves;
Quae super in fagis volitant, et voce canora
  Dulcia laetantur concinuisse mele.
Quid nos nostra juvat sapientia, quidve loquella,
  Quos pede pulvereo vadere fata velint?

III

The Flowers

ALL the names I know from nurse:
Gardener's garters, Shepherd's purse,
Bachelor's buttons, Lady's smock,
And the Lady Hollyhock.

Fairy places, fairy things,
Fairy woods where the wild bee wings,
Tiny trees for tiny dames—
These must all be fairy names!

Tiny woods below whose boughs
Shady fairies weave a house;
Tiny tree-tops, rose or thyme,
Where the braver fairies climb!

Fair are grown-up people's trees,
But the fairest woods are these;
Where if I were not so tall,
I should live for good and all.

III

Nuper in Pratis Studiosa Florum

NOMINA me docuit nutrix; quem Pastor amaret,
Quem florem Interulae nomen habere juvet;
Quive Periscelidis titulum sibi vindicet; illis
Adjicias cui sit Caelibis omnis honor.
Parva decent Nymphas; silvestria numina, credo,
Floribus haec parvis nomina parva dabant.
Exiguis gaudent silvis; apis inter amoenas
Hic umbras resono murmure parva volat.
Arbore saepe casam sub parva vimine texunt,
Gaudet enim parvo Nympha latere loco.
Hic rosa; sed videas illic thyma pandere ramos;
Fortior at tantos scandere Nympha velit?
Est decus arboribus magnis, sed gloria major
Parvarum. Nymphis silva minuta placet.
Immo ego, procerum quem vult Natura creatum,
Ut magis in parvis parvulus esse velim!

IV

Summer Sun

GREAT is the sun, and wide he goes
Through empty heaven without repose;
And in the blue and glowing days
More thick than rain he showers his rays.

Though closer still the blinds we pull
To keep the shady parlour cool,
Yet he will find a chink or two
To slip his golden fingers through.

The dusty attic spider-clad
He, through the keyhole, maketh glad;
And through the broken edge of tiles,
Into the laddered hayloft smiles.

Meantime his golden face around
He bares to all the garden ground,
And sheds a warm and glittering look
Among the ivy's inmost nook.

Above the hills, along the blue,
Round the bright air with footing true,
To please the child, to paint the rose,
The gardener of the World, he goes.

IV

O Sol Pulcer, O Laudande!

SOL requiem spernit magnus; curritque viator
Strenuus aetherium
Per caelum. Ruit autumno non spissior imber
Quam sua tela die
Sol jacit aestivo radians. Si vela fenestris,
Frigoris ut cupidi,
Tendimus, hic rimas quaerit; digitusque repertis
Aureus inseritur.
Sedem et araneoli recreat cenacula, siquid
Clave foramen eget.
Tegula ridentem lacera in faenilia mittit,
Scalaque restat iners.
Aureus interea terras circumspicit; hortos
Ore benignus adit;
Nec siquas hedera abscondit, vult luce latebras
Vique carere sua.
Sol superat colles, certo et pede caerula caeli;
Agricola est, properat
Ne sine laetitia pueris praetervolet aestas
Neu sine flore rosae.

V

The Dumb Soldier

WHEN the grass was closely mown,
Walking on the lawn alone,
In the turf a hole I found
And hid a soldier underground.

Spring and daisies came apace;
Grasses hide my hiding place;
Grasses run like a green sea
O'er the lawn up to my knee.

Under grass alone he lies,
Looking up with leaden eyes,
Scarlet coat and pointed gun,
To the stars and to the sun.

When the grass is ripe like grain,
When the scythe is stoned again,
When the lawn is shaven clear,
Then my hole shall reappear.

I shall find him, never fear,
I shall find my grenadier;
But for all that's gone and come,
I shall find my soldier dumb.

V

Plumbeae Miles Taciturnitatis

ANGUSTAM inveni rimam, spatiatus in horto,
  Herba ubi jam demessa jacebat.
Hic illi, qui forte comes mihi plumbeus errat
  Centurio, custodia longa
Sub terra datur et statio. Ver proterit aestas
  Bellide graminibusque decora;
Ut viridi mersus pelago, latet abditus ille,
  Tarda levat dum lumina plumbo;
Sed super herba, genu tenus alta, abscondere solem
  Laetatur, quamvis sua miles
Tendat tela minax et coccum tegmine vincat.
  Adveniet messis; renovata
Cote suum navabit opus, reddetque lacunam
  Falx illam; in statione fidelis
Miles erit, spes certa mihi; tamen ille repertus
  Mutus erit, spectata silebit

The Dumb Soldier

He has lived, a little thing,
In the grassy woods of spring;
Done, if he could tell me true,
Just as I should like to do.

He has seen the starry hours
And the springing of the flowers;
And the fairy things that pass
In the forests of the grass.

In the silence he has heard
Talking bee and ladybird,
And the butterfly has flown
O'er him as he lay alone.

Not a word will he disclose,
Not a word of all he knows,
I must lay him on the shelf,
And make up the tale myself.

Plumbeae Miles Taciturnitatis

Gramineas inter silvas per tempora veris
Hic fecit, modo si loqueretur,
Quae facerem laetus. Stellis ardentibus aptum
Aethera Nympharumque choreas
Nascentes inter flores et gramina vidit
Parvulus ipse; silentia rupta
Colloquiis hic novit apum, dum murmura miscent;
Responsa audivit scarabaei;
Papilionem alis vidit volitare coruscis.
Cuncta tamen novitque siletque.
Talem ad pegma virum! Commentus et ipse tacentis
Militis historias recitabo.

VI

Autumn Fires

IN the other gardens
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over
And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
The grey smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!

VI

Volat Vapor Ater ad Auras

PER vallem videas ut in aethera fumidae vaporis
Surgunt columnae; nullus exstat hortus,
Qua non jam cogat cum frondibus hortulanus instans
Ramos vetustos ut ministret igni.
Aestas praeteriit dulcissima; praeterire flores
Flammae monebunt et volans favilla.
Volvitur hora quidem grata vice; flosculos ut aestas
Autumnus offert ignium colores.

VII

The Gardener

THE gardener does not love to talk,
He makes me keep the gravel walk;
And when he puts his tools away,
He locks the door and takes the key.

Away behind the currant row
Where no one else but cook may go,
Far in the plots, I see him dig,
Old and serious, brown and big.

He digs the flowers, green, red, and blue,
Nor wishes to be spoken to.
He digs the flowers and cuts the hay,
And never seems to want to play.

Silly gardener: summer goes,
And winter comes with pinching toes,
When in the garden bare and brown
You must lay your barrow down.

Well now, and while the summer stays,
To profit by these garden days,
O how much wiser you would be
To play at Indian wars with me!

VII

Est et Fideli Tuta Silentio Merces

VERBORUM male parcus hortulanus,
"Hic, qua est semita," dicit, "ambulabis."
Et cum vespere sarculum reponit
Occluditque sera levatque clavem.
Pone arbusta solum fodit novale;
Vidi, nam vetitum est venire nobis
Illuc, quo coqua sola vadit audax,
Vidi dum fodit, ore quam severo,
Fuscus, vastus homo, et gravis senecta.
Per flores varios fodit metitque
Herbas, impatiens senex loquellae
Humanae minimeque ludibundus.
Aestas effugit, hortulane inepte!
Brumali digiti gelu rigebunt.
Depones modium et simul ligonem
Et squalere situ videbis hortum.
Ergo dum Zephyri tepent et aestas,
Hortus dum vocat optimis dierum,
Cur non te libet, hortulane, mecum
Indorum revocare bella ludo?

VIII

Historical Associations

DEAR Uncle Jim, this garden ground
That now you smoke your pipe around,
Has seen immortal actions done
And valiant battles lost and won.

Here we had best on tip-toe tread,
While I for safety march ahead,
For this is that enchanted ground
Where all who loiter slumber sound.

Here is the sea, here is the sand,
Here is simple Shepherd's Land,
Here are the fairy hollyhocks,
And there are Ali Baba's rocks.

But yonder, see! apart and high,
Frozen Siberia lies; where I,
With Robert Bruce and William Tell,
Was bound by an enchanter's spell.

There, then, awhile in chains we lay,
In wintry dungeons, far from day;
But ris'n at length, with might and main,
Our iron fetters burst in twain.

VIII

Nullum Sine Nomine Saxum

HIC ubi tu fumo intentus spatiaris in horto,
Militibus cum laude perenni
Proelia sunt commissa; his dat victoria palmam,
Illos dedecorat fuga victos.
Hic summis, credo, digitis incedere praestat,
Teque sequi, pravosque sopores
Devitare, magi quos incussere maligni
Saepe viatori perituro.
Hic mare conspicies, campos pastoris, arenas,
Naiadumque rosas tenerarum,
Hic Arabum scopulos, Alibas qua forte latronum
Thesauros reseravit in antro.
Illic nec procul est glacie taeterrima tellus,
Carminibus qua et Colchidis arte
Me comite Aeneaque pio sopitus Ulixes
Vincla tulit gelidasque tenebras,
Donec longa dies ferrum rupisse moneret;

Historical Associations

Then all the horns were blown in town,
And to the ramparts clanging down,
All the giants leaped to horse
And charged behind us through the gorse.

On we rode, the others and I,
Over the mountains blue, and by
The Silver River, the sounding sea,
And the robber woods of Tartary.

A thousand miles we galloped fast,
And down the witches' lane we passed,
And rode amain, with brandished sword,
Up to the middle, through the ford.

Last we drew rein—a weary three—
Upon the lawn, in time for tea,
And from our steeds alighted down
Before the gates of Babylon.

Nullum Sine Nomine Saxum

Tum strepitu sonuere tubarum
Moenia, tum glomerant turmas Cyclopes in urbem
Quadrupedante sono reboantem.
Effugimus; sequitur suboles procera Gigantum
Per deserta et inhospita tesqua,
Qua per caeruleos montes Argenteus amnis
Defluit in Pontum, siluasque
Gens praedonum habitat Scythicis armata sagittis;
Nos spatia infinita equitatu
Sagarumque viam decurrimus, inde fluenti
Per vada pectoribus tenus udi
Strictis sed gladiis; et tandem in gramine fessi
Constitimus, Babylona superbam
Tres nacti, quibus haud possent jam deesse placentae
Scottorum neque Sericus humor.

ENVOYS

CUI DONO LEPIDUM NOVUM
LIBELLUM ?

I

To Willie and Henrietta

IF two may read aright
These rhymes of old delight
And house and garden play,
You two, my cousins, and you only, may.

You in a garden green
With me were king and queen,
Were hunter, soldier, tar,
And all the thousand things that children are.

Now in the elders' seat
We rest with quiet feet,
And from the window-bay
We watch the children, our successors, play.

"Time was," the golden head
Irrevocably said;
But time which none can bind,
While flowing fast away, leaves love behind.

I

Vacui Sub Umbra Lusimus Tecum

HAEC ego de ludis scripsi quos lusimus olim;
Haec proprie vobis lecta duobus erunt;
Vos, consobrini, vos haec meminisse juvabit;
Non alius tanto jure notata leget.
Lusimus; et tu rex, et tu regina fuisti;
Navita nunc, alio tempore miles eram;
Venati sumus; et pueri quae millia ludunt,
Nobis prata inter florea ludus erat.
Jam senio fessis pedibus spectare decebit,
Sustinet ut pubes jure novella vices;
"Tempus erat," sic Fata jubent; tempusque volatu
Multa rapit, sed non omnia; restat Amor.

II

To My Mother

YOU too, my mother, read my rhymes
For love of unforgotten times,
And you may chance to hear once more
The little feet along the floor.

II

Antiquam Exquirite Matrem

TU quoque, tu mater (memorem te temporis acti
Cogit amor) nostris versibus ipsa vacas.
Tu parvos audire pedes fortasse videris,
"Sic," dices, "memini, sic sonuere solo."

III

To Auntie

CHIEF of our aunts—not only I,
But all your dozen of nurslings cry—
What did the other children do?
And what were childhood, wanting you?

III

Ad Materteram

O LONGE ante alias princeps Matertera nobis!
Inter bis senos quis nisi fatur idem?
"Quid fecere alii sine te?" clamamus alumni,
"Quid puero in vita te sine dulce foret?"

IV

To Minnie

THE red room with the giant bed
Where none but elders laid their head;
The little room where you and I
Did for awhile together lie
And, simple suitor, I your hand
In decent marriage did demand;
The great day nursery, best of all,
With pictures pasted on the wall.
And leaves upon the blind—
A pleasant room wherein to wake
And hear the leafy garden shake
And rustle in the wind—
And pleasant there to lie in bed
And see the pictures overhead—
The wars about Sebastopol,
The grinning guns along the wall,
The daring escalade,
The plunging ships, the bleating sheep,
The happy children ankle-deep
And laughing as they wade;
All these are vanished clean away,
And the old manse is changed to-day;
It wears an altered face
And shields a stranger race.

IV

Forsan et Haec Olim

IN rubro thalamo cubile quondam
Quod stabat senioribus dicatum,
Vastum aptumque gigantibus putabam;
Infantes duo dum simul jacemus,
Connubio stabili puer modestus
Te junctam propriamque te petivi.
Ast illam memini optimam diaetam
Picta et moenia, frondibusque pulcra
Vela; illic ubi somnus avolarat,
Jucundum fuit arbores per altas
Audire ut trepidaret aura lenis.
Jucundum fuit et toro jacere
Et depicta super videre castra
In tecto, obsidione qua lacessunt
Urbem, nomine Caesaris superbam,
Ballistis modo navibusque longis
Et scalis modo milites Britanni.
Jucundum fuit et greges in herbis
Balantum et pueros videre parvos
Dum risu loca per vadosa ludunt
Et nudo pede cursitant in amnem.
Ast haec omnia quae prius fuere
Aufert hora domumque mutat ipsam;
Nostramque advena vindicavit aulam.

To Minnie

The river, on from mill to mill,
Flows past our childhood's garden still;
But ah! we children never more
Shall watch it from the water-door!
Below the yew—it still is there—
Our phantom voices haunt the air
As we were still at play,
And I can hear them call and say:
"How far is it to Babylon?"

Ah, far enough, my dear,
Far, far enough from here—
Yet you have farther gone!
"Can I get there by candlelight?"
So goes the old refrain.
I do not know—perchance you might—
But only, children, hear it right,
Ah, never to return again!
The eternal dawn, beyond a doubt,
Shall break on hill and plain,
And put all stars and candles out,
Ere we be young again.

Forsan et Haec Olim

Hortos praeterit ut prius molasque
Rivus, nec datur ut prius videre
Nobis e foribus domoque nostra.
Illic taxus erat—nec eruerunt;
Audire et videor sub arbore astans
Voces, de Babylone dum rogamus,
Quot jam millia sint perambulanda.
A! distat nimis et nimis remota est!
Sed noris loca tu remotiora.
"Candelae breve lumen; hoc nitente
"Illuc ante diem venire possum?"
Sic olim rogitare cantilenis
Suetae, quis neget hoc tibi licere
Ipsam illam Babylona pervenire?
At vos, o pueri, quod hora praebet
Ne fallat, neque enim potest redire.
Aeterna illa dies fugabit astra,
Sparso lumine largiore, et illas
Candelas tenebris dabit, priusquam
Nobis reddita sit juventa nostra.

To Minnie

To you in distant India, these
I send across the seas,
Nor count it far across,
For which of us forgets
The Indian cabinets,
The bones of antelope, the wings of albatross,
The pied and painted birds and beans,
The junks and bangles, beads and screens,
The gods and sacred bells,
And the loud-humming, twisted shells?
The level of the parlour floor
Was honest, homely, Scottish shore;
But when we climbed upon a chair,
Behold the gorgeous East was there!
Be this a fable; and behold
Me in the parlour as of old,
And Minnie just above me set
In the quaint Indian cabinet!
Smiling and kind, you grace a shelf
Too high for me to reach myself.
Reach down a hand, my dear, and take
These rhymes for old acquaintance' sake.

Forsan et Haec Olim

Sed nunc trans mare— nec procul videtur—
Haec mitto tibi quae legas, ad Indos.
Illa armaria nostra tu memento
Antiqua Indica; vidimus reposta
Cervorum ossa aquilaeque, margaritas,
Cum pictis avibus fabisque miris,
Tintinnabula, vela belluata,
Armillas, simulacra, cum phaselis,
Et conchas resonas. Ut haec videres,
Non mutare solum fuit necesse,
Non his litoribus carere amicis,
Sed tantum fuit admovere sellam
Et tota India mox tibi patebat.
De te est fabula; te tenere credas
Illa armaria, te supra repostam,
Me non posse humilem e solo videre.
Subridens mihi porrigas, amabo,
Dextram, et, quem tibi miserim, benigne
Sumas praeteriti memor libellum.

V

To My Name-Child

I

SOME day soon this rhyming volume, if you learn with proper speed,
Little Louis Sanchez, will be given you to read.
Then shall you discover, that your name was printed down
By the English printers, long before, in London town.

In the great and busy city where the East and West are met,
All the little letters did the English printer set;
While you thought of nothing, and were still too young to play,
Foreign people thought of you in places far away.

Ay, and while you slept, a baby, over all the English lands
Other little children took the volume in their hands;
Other children questioned, in their homes across the seas:
Who was little Louis, won't you tell us, mother, please?

V

Est Aliquid Nomen Praeclari Ferre Poetae

HAEC tibi Sanchesio mox carmina nostra dabuntur,
Si, Ludovice, litteras
Doctus eris; lectoque libro tua nomina disces
Commissa prelo Londini.
Londinium, occiduus quos Sol quos spectat Eous,
Negotiosi confluunt.
Illic componunt, infans dum ludere nescis,
Has litterarum Angli notas,
Provida gens; puerique procul mea carmina dextris
Tenent Britanni trans freta;
Tuque nihil sentis; sed matrem quisque fatigat
"Quis Ludovicus?" clamitans.

To My Name-Child

2

Now that you have spelt your lesson, lay it down and
go and play,
Seeking shells and seaweed on the sands of Monterey,
Watching all the mighty whalebones, lying buried by
the breeze,
Tiny sandy-pipers, and the huge Pacific seas.

And remember in your playing, as the sea-fog rolls
to you,
Long ere you could read it, how I told you what to do;
And that while you thought of no one, nearly half the
world away
Some one thought of Louis on the beach of Monterey!

Est Aliquid Nomen Praeclari Ferre Poetae

2

Tu dictata ubi mente tenes, pete laetus arenas,
Conchas et algas quaerito,
Qua mare Pacificum fluctus ad litora torquet
Et ossa balaenarum humant
Magnarum venti, qua currit mergus in undas.
Sed me memento, volvitur
Dum nebula e ponto, ludos me carmine et hortos
Dixisse trans pontum procul,
Prudentem ignaro, Lusurum in litore quondam
Montis sciebam Regii.

VI

To Any Reader

AS from the house your mother sees
You playing round the garden trees
So you may see, if you will look
Through the windows of this book,
Another child, far, far away,
And in another garden, play.
But do not think you can at all,
By knocking on the window, call
That child to hear you. He intent
Is all on his play-business bent.
He does not hear; he will not look,
Nor yet be lured out of this book.
For, long ago, the truth to say,
He has grown up and gone away,
And it is but a child of air
That lingers in the garden there

VI

Qualis Eram

TE videt umbroso mater dum ludis in horto;
Gaudia et in nostro nostra tuere libro.
Hic velut ex alta puerum spectare fenestra
Ludentem poteris, laetaque rura procul.
Tu puerum intentum ludo fortasse vocabis,
Frustra sed quatitur saepe fenestra manu.
Nil audit ludo intentus, nec respicit ille;
Nunquam illum flectes eliciesve libro.
Non illum elicies; nec enim jam ludit in horto;
Ille vir est; abiit; vera tacere pudet.
Jam pridem ille abiit; puerum quem credis, imago est,
Nube cava tenuis viribus umbra caret.

(1)

THE END

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A child's garden of verses

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